

*Troilus and Cressida.*

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,  
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde  
(Although my will distaste what it elected)  
The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion  
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.  
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant  
When we haue spoyle'd them; nor the remainder Viands  
We do not throw in vnrespective fame,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meete  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;  
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,  
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,  
And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,  
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,  
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse  
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,  
Whose price hath launch'd aboue a thousand Ships,  
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.  
If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,  
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)  
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,  
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,  
And cride inestimable; why do you now  
The issue of your proper Wisdome rate,  
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?  
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,  
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!  
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.  
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,  
That in their Country did them that disgrace,  
We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.

*Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.*

*Cas.* Cry *Troyans*, cry.

*Priam.* What noyse? what shreeke is this?

*Troy.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

*Cas.* Cry *Troyans*.

*Hect.* It is *Cassandra*.

*Cas.* Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.

*Hect.* Peace sister, peace.

*Cas.* Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,

Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,

Add to my clamour: let vs pay betimes

A moiety of that masse of moane to come.

Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,

*Troy* must not be, nor goodly *Illion* stand,

Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.

Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe;

Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe.

*Exit.*

*Hect.* Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these hie strains

Of diuination in our Sister, worke

Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,

Can qualifie the same?

*Troy.* Why Brother *Hector*,

We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte

Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,

Nor once deiekt the courage of our mindes;

Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainesicke raptures

Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,  
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,  
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs  
Such things as might offend the weakeft spleene,  
To fight for, and maintaine.

*Par.* Else might the world conuince of leuitie,  
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:

But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off

All feares attending on so dire a proiect.

For what (alas) can these my single armes?

What propugnation is in one mans valour

To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,

Were I alone to passe the difficulties,

And had as ample power, as I haue will,

*Paris* should ne'r retract what he hath done,

Nor faint in the pursuite.

*Pri.* *Paris*, you speake

Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights;

You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,

So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not meere to my selfe,

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:

But I would haue the soyle of her faire Rape

Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

What Treason were it to the ranlack'd Queene,

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,

Now to deliuer her possession vp

On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,

That so degenerate a strain as this,

Should once fet footing in your generous bosomes?

There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,

Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,

When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,

Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vsam'd,

Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)

Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,

The worlds large spaces cannot parcell.

*Hect.* *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well:

And on the cause and question now in hand,

Haue glaz'd, but superficially; not much

Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought

Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce

To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood,

Then to make vp a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,

Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce

Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be rendred to their Owners: now

What neerer debt in all humanity,

Then Wife is to the Husband? if this law

Of Nature be corrupted through affection,

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,

To their benummed wills resist the same,

There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,

To curbe those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refracturie.

If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King

(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes

Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud

To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,

But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,  
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

*Tro.* Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:

Were it not glory that we more affected,

Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,

I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,

Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,

She is a theame of honour and renowne,

A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,

Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,

And fame in time to come canonize vs.

For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose

So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,

As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,

For the wide worlds reueneu.

*Hect.* I am yours,

You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,

I haue a roisting challenge sent among't

The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,

Will strike amazement to their drowfie spirits,

I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,

Whil't emulation in the armie crept:

Thus I presume will wake him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Therites solus.*

How now *Therites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy  
furie? shall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates  
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it  
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil't he rail'd  
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but  
Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's  
*Achilles*, a rare Enginer, if *Troy* be not taken till these two  
vndermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-  
selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget  
that thou art Ioue the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose  
all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not  
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they  
haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so  
abundant scarce, it will not in circumention deliuer a  
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and  
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole  
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the  
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue  
said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho?  
my Lord *Achilles*?

*Enter Patroclus.*

*Patr.* Who's there? *Therites*. Good *Therites* come  
in and raile.

*Ther.* If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit,  
thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation,  
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common  
curse of mankind, follie and ignorance be thine in great  
reueneu; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline  
come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till  
thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a  
faire coarfe, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't she neuer  
throw'd any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

*Patr.* What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?

*Ther.* I, the heauens heare me.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* *Therites*, my Lord.

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